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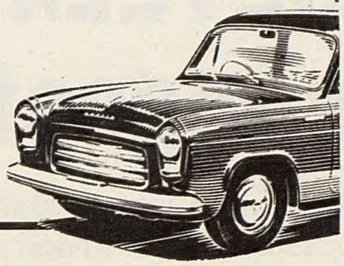

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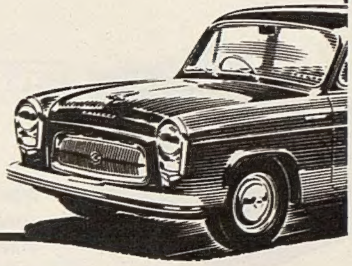

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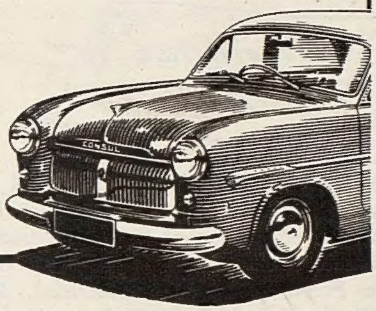

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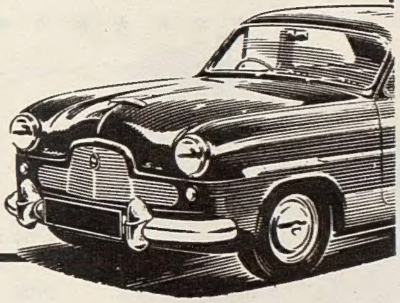

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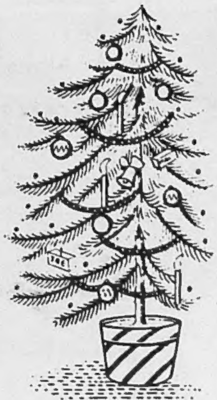

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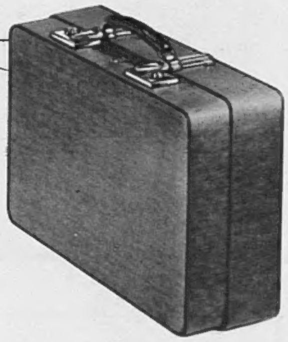

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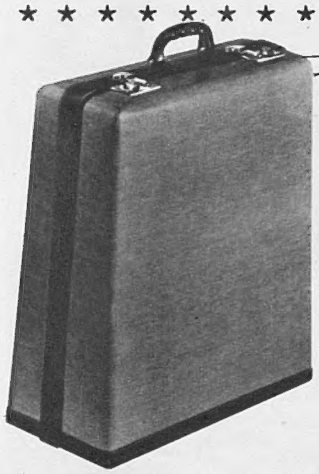

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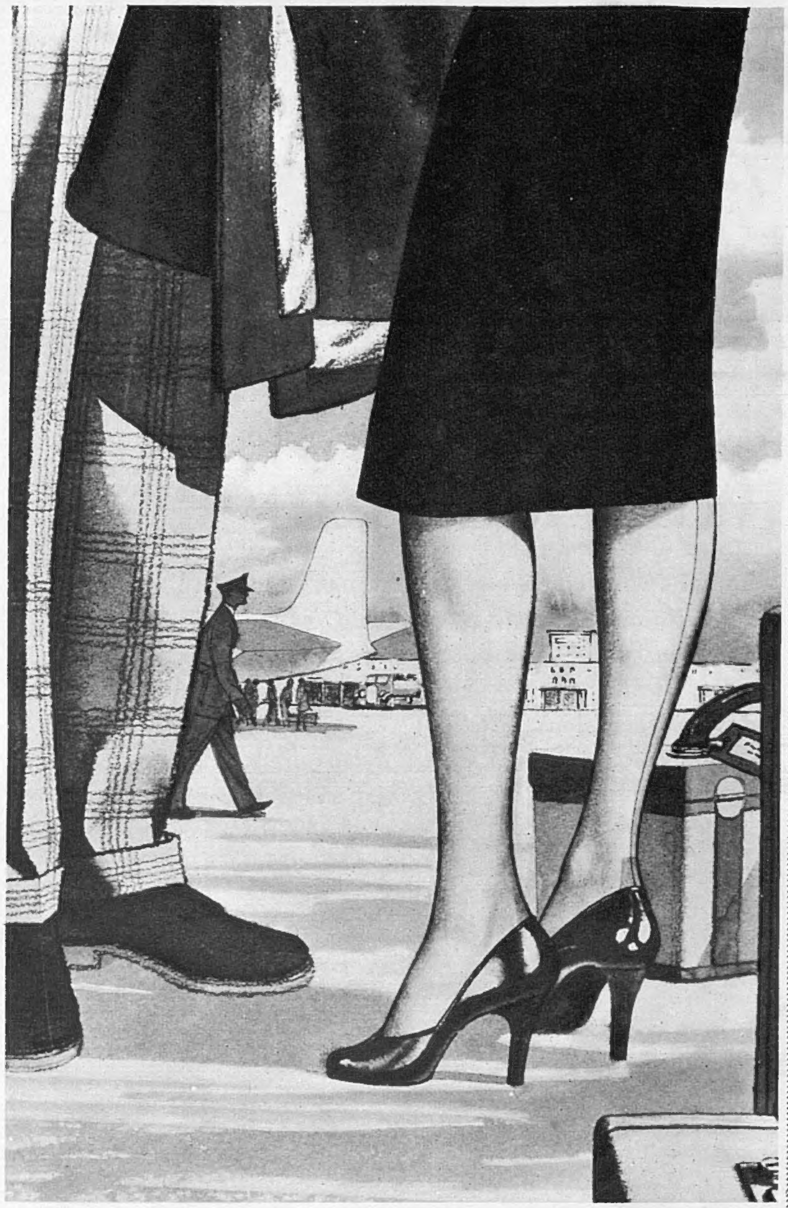

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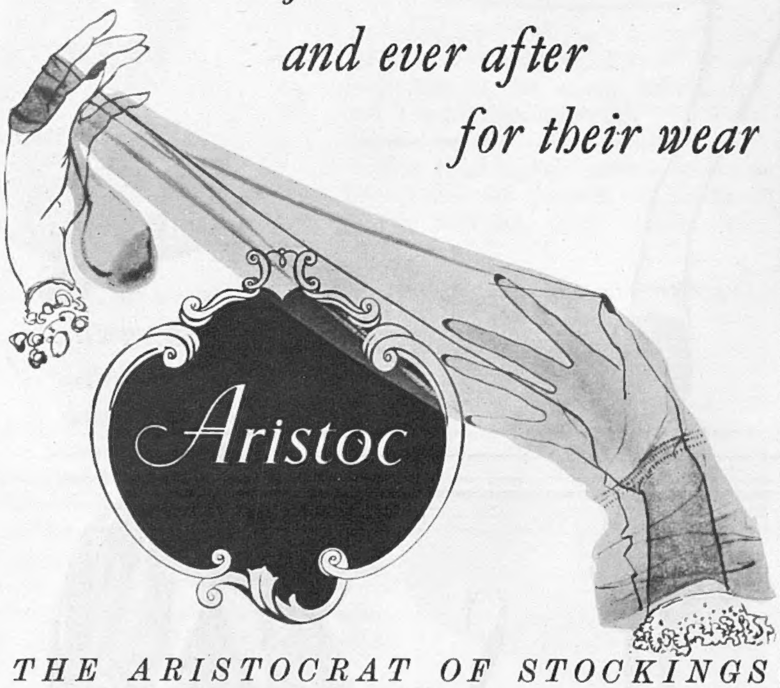

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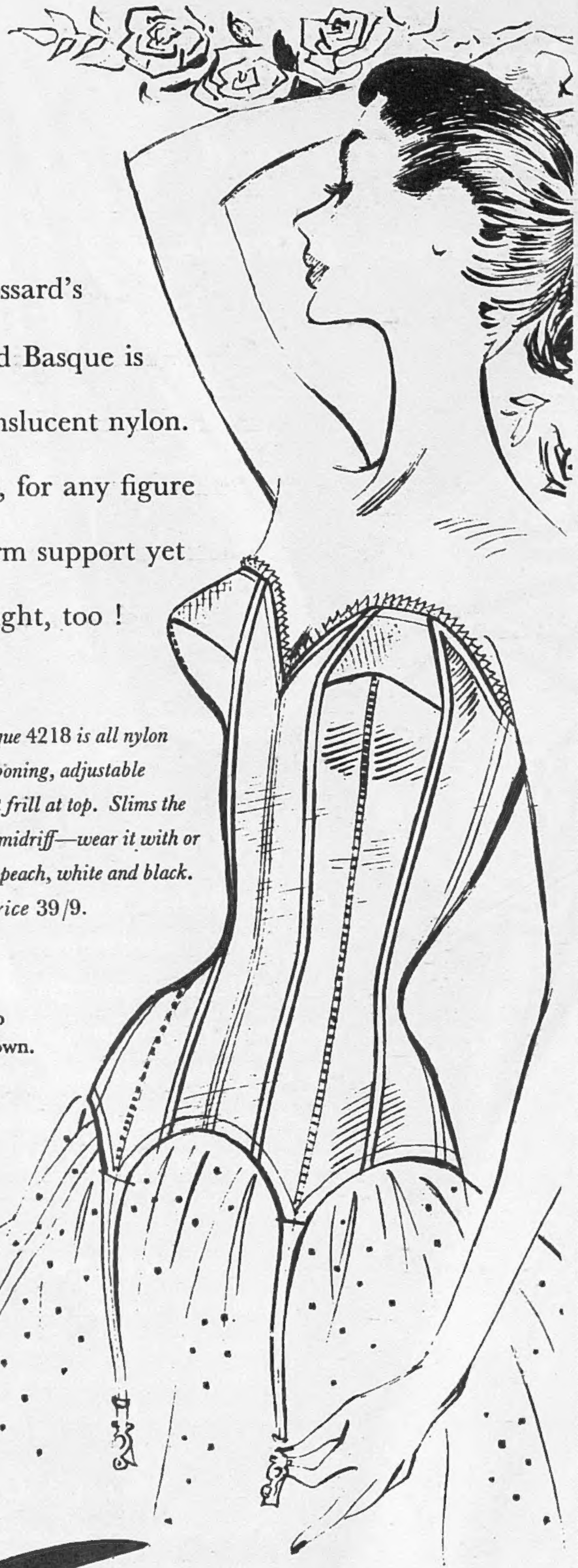

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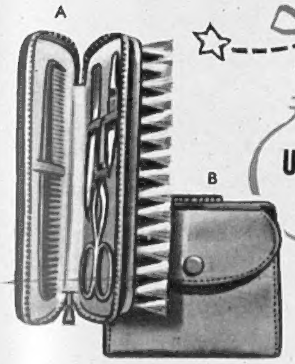

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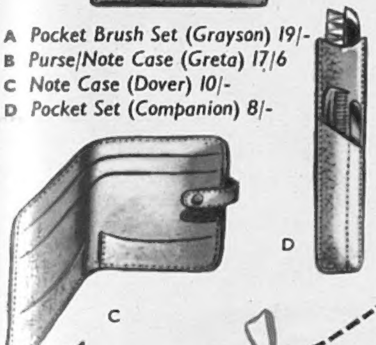

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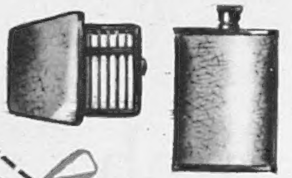

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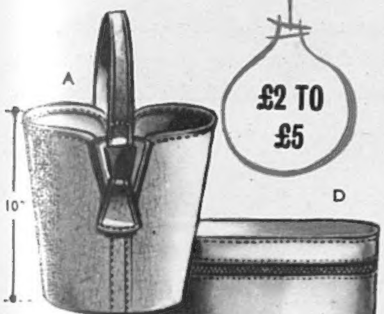

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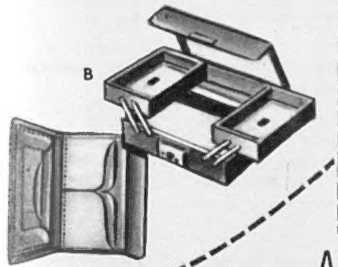

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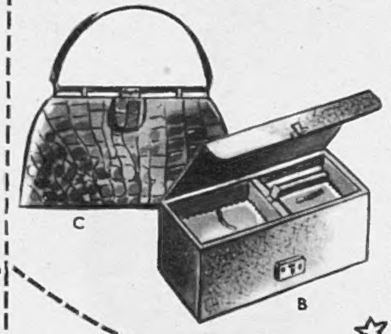

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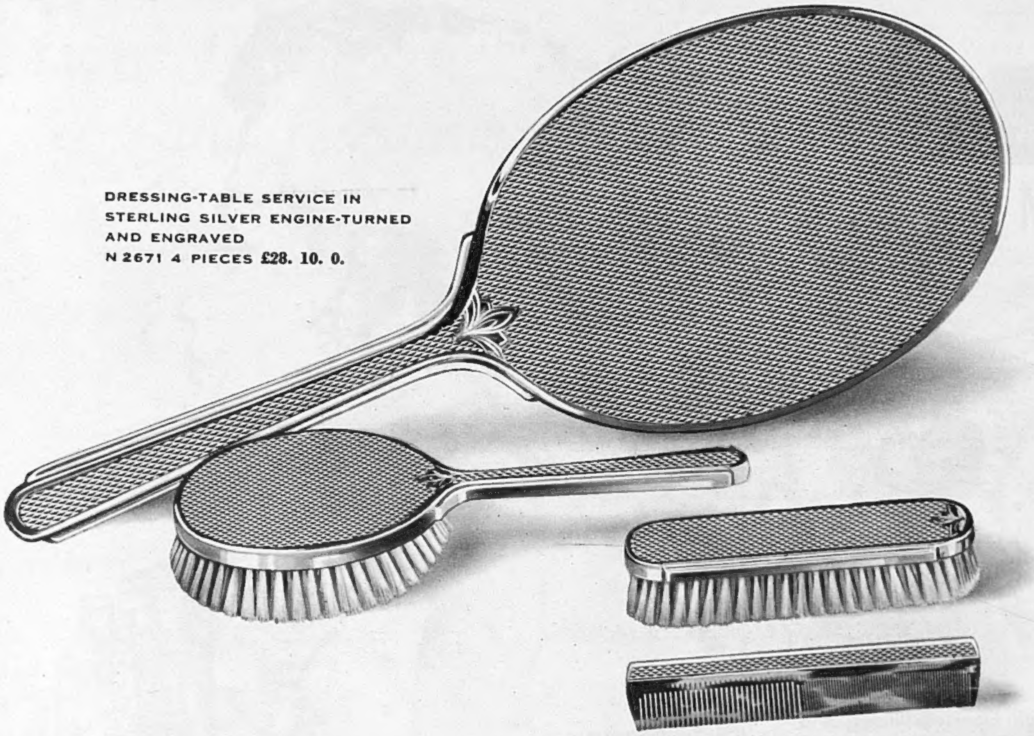

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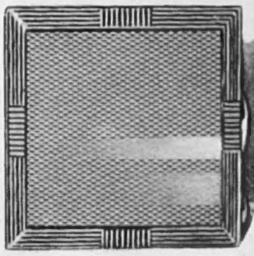

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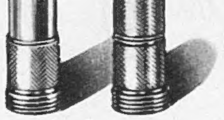
She will thank you so much



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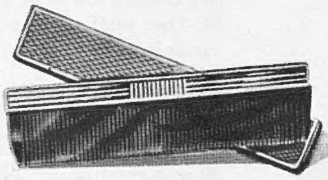

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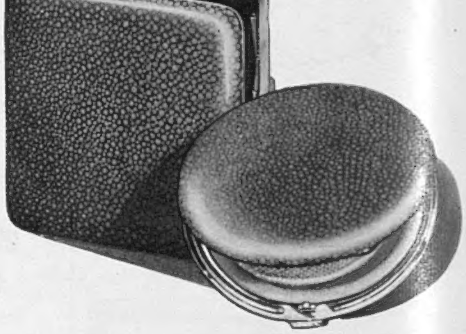

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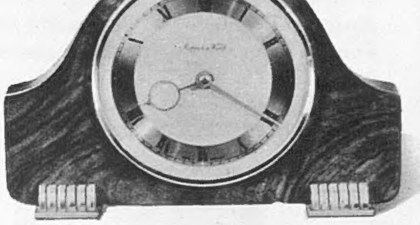

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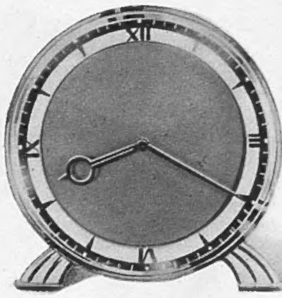

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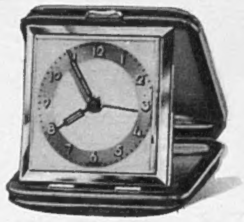

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1953

Reproduced from the painting by Sofy Asscher.

BON VOYAGE . . .

. . . to her Majesty the Queen and to the Duke of Edinburgh, who are now on the high seas in the liner *Gothic* after having visited Bermuda and Kingston at the opening of their tour of the Commonwealth. Everyone in this country will be united in the desire to wish them God-speed and a safe homecoming.

A SILVER JUBILEE DINNER: Artist Hargrave drew these pictures for *The Sketch* of notabilities at the London Inverness-shire Association's sixtieth annual dinner, which was held at the Connaught Rooms, in London, on November 20th.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

I WAS sorry to miss the literary luncheon organised by the Conservative Political Centre last month in honour of Lord Winterton, who—so I am told by a friend who was present—performed the slightly invidious task of boosting his own book, *Orders of the Day*, with a good deal of ingenuous charm.

The chair was taken by Lord Birkenhead, who spoke, I gather, with feeling on the mediocre quality of so many of the volumes of reminiscence which flow from the pens of retired politicians and administrators—with *Orders of the Day*, of course, marked out as a shining example. "What a vast chasm," he remarked, "tends to yawn between the written and the spoken word!" I can almost hear that phrase rolling off the tongue of his father, the great "F.E."—for Freddie Birkenhead, who is himself no mean exponent of both written and spoken elegance, can occasionally remind his audience most poignantly that he is the son of one of the ablest orators of his day.

Incidentally, one of the most admirable Winstonisms occurred during the war, when there was a brief anti-Governmental alliance between Lord Winterton and Mr. Sidney Silverman. Seeing this curiously assorted pair leaving the Chamber arm-in-arm, Winston said to his colleagues on the Front Bench, in a voice which could be heard in all parts of the House: "There observe: Arsenic and old lace!"

HOW quiet and unhurried London seems by comparison with New York. Not that I think there should be any equating of the two ways of life, any more than one should think in terms of sterling when considering the American cost of living. I have always maintained that the biggest source of misunderstandings in Anglo-American relations is the apparent similarity of the two languages. If it were necessary for us to learn a completely unfamiliar language called American, we should not fall into the trap of regarding Americans, and the American way of life, as a somewhat less cultivated projection of our own way of thinking, speaking and doing.

I must confess that I have never fallen so completely in love with a city at first sight as I did with New York. That is perhaps because I am a little adaptable, and was prepared to regard it not in terms of London or Paris, Rome or Madrid, but as something—as, indeed, it is—out of another world. There is a zest, a (to quote from a popular American song of a few years ago) "lift in the air," which is quite outside any European experience. Alas, in the short time I was there I had so much to do, and so much business to transact, that I did not see as much of New York as I would have wished to have done, my experience being largely confined to the backs of taxi-drivers' heads, except when we were in the frequent traffic blocks, when they turned around to give me their life histories.

I am at the moment the confidant of at least eleven taxi-drivers, with whose early struggles, present hopes and future aspirations I am now familiar. Most of them seem to have Italian names, one was a Negro and one an Irishwoman. One had, in common with his confrère, a cab padded all round in order to minimise injury at sudden stops in the incredibly fast-moving traffic. There was a little notice in his cab: "Sit back and relax. Enjoy your ride. The driver may make a short stop." As I understand it, this did not mean that the driver suffered from any physical weakness, but that "short" should be translated, *anglice*, by "sudden." I was not a little delighted with him when, passing one of the

Schaffts restaurants, I asked him what kind of a place it was. He replied that it was "a swell joint. Why, they wouldn't serve you if you didn't wear a tie!" I afterwards discovered that many American restaurants with major pretensions to gentility provide or hire out (particularly in the summer) ties and coats to intending customers, who would otherwise be barred by their protocol.

As for American prices, it is hopeless, as I say, even to think in terms of our devalued sterling. The last night I was in New York was the evening of the Mayoral election, when the city was technically "dry." Imagination boggles at what that great city must be like when technically "wet"! I had a few friends in for drinks in my apartments that evening at six o'clock. Happily, I had the foresight to buy the hard liquor at Sherry's the previous day. Four bottles of ginger ale, four of soda, and four of tonic with room service, cost 15 dollars. That is to say, with the tip to the floor waiter, a small bottle of minerals cost roughly 12s. in our money. I brought back with me the menu of lunch at Jack and Charlie's "21." A poached egg malmaison and a cold egg in jelly each cost a little matter of 17s. 6d. Calves' liver with bacon cost 25s., while as to "grouse flown from Scotland by Pan-American Airways"—here no mention was made of price, it presumably being a matter for negotiation by millionaires with slide rules!

It should, of course, be pointed out that the food in New York is quite excellent. As for the wine cellar, Mr. Mac Krindler (who took us round the first night when we dined with Luis and Mercedes Bolin) can be justly proud of a collection of wines—particularly old château-bottled clarets in magnums—which can have few equals anywhere in Europe. (Though I did suggest to him that the temperature of his red wine cellars was at least 10 degs. too high: I cannot believe that you can keep, for example, a magnum of Latour '29 in good condition at a temperature of nearly 70 degs.)

Talking of cellar temperatures, Johnny Campbell, to whom I was earlier indebted for the lovely story of Mr. Levy and the bank manager in Singapore, was back in London from the Far East on my return. I was telling him the story of the temperature of the "21" cellars, which he matched with that of the Trocadero Hotel in Bangkok, which is kept by Mr. Joe Villas, a highly Europeanised Burmese. He ordered an excellent bottle of Burgundy before dinner, whereupon Joe Villas said: "Certainly. I will put it for an hour in the ice-box." Johnny expressed horror, as I would have done in similar circumstances, but his host explained that he was only putting it in the bottom cold tray for vegetables, and went on to suggest that a red wine should be drunk at the temperature of the room. The dining-room was air-conditioned, but the outside temperature, and that of many other rooms, was somewhere between 95 and 100 in the shade. In the event, this cooling process produced a wine in quite excellent condition—at any rate, for the tropics. I leave it to my œnologist friends (I bet you have never heard that one!) to discuss that pretty little problem.

Incidentally, for intelligent public relations, I must give Mac full marks. I had dined there the previous evening. The following lunch-time I was again invited to the "21." As I came in, Mac came forward and said: "Good morning, Mr. Toby O'Brien. And I hope you enjoyed your dinner last night." Perhaps my friend Sandy Maxwell, the Chairman of the British Travel and Holidays Association, would like to quote this next time he is addressing British hoteliers and restaurateurs.

Our return journey was delightful—except for one contretemps, which turned out to be small, but which might have been serious. At Boston my wife and Roger and Griselda Keyes rashly went ashore to do some last-minute shopping, their taxi-driver lost his way (a curious phenomenon I noticed in New York as well), so that they missed the ship. I have just received clippings from the *Boston Daily Globe* headed: "Peer Left on Pier: Boards Tug to Overhaul S.S. *Olympia* Here," but the lovelier and, according to the delinquents, totally, if charmingly, inaccurate account came from the *Boston Post* headed: "Tug Rushes English Lord, Lady to Ship in Hub Port." It says:

> Officials of the Greek Lines on the dock rushed Lord and Lady Keyes with their friend, Mrs. Leonora O'Brien of London, over to Joseph Connolly, Superintendent of Piers for the Port of Boston Commission.
> "If anyone can help you, it's the Superintendent of Piers."
> "Superintendent of Peers!" said his lordship. "Such an extraordinary service."
> "Not peers! Piers!" someone volunteered. "Quays."
> "Ah, Superintendent of Quays!" said his lordship.
> "Keyes," someone else muttered. "I thought that was their name."

Happily I had no idea of the follies of the trio, being cross enough when finally we hove to, and they hove in sight. Another five minutes, and it would only have involved a little matter of 1,000 dollars indemnity each to the U.S. Government, plus the return air fares to London. There are moments when conversation between even the most happily married couples can be a little strained!

BUSHY: by Hargrave

"TRYING TO CONNECT YOU."

Incidentally, the *Olympia* returned a happy, but depleted, ship. The various receptions at the various ports in Europe and the New World, which she touched on her maiden voyage, accounted for several thousands of knives, forks and spoons, almost every ashtray in the ship, and even the cup won at a United Kingdom Bartenders' Guild competition by Jimmy Nicolls, the first-class barman, which was "lifted" while he was actually serving drinks. The gravest depredations, I understand, were at Boston. "Billy" Ware, the remarkable young artist who had done all the murals on the ship, and also had a one-man exhibition, found a prominent Boston citizen tugging at one of his largest canvasses in the exhibition gallery. With a slight gleam of anticipation, he hurried up to the gentleman, and said: "Do you want to buy that picture, sir?" To which the Bostonian replied: "No. I just want to take it."

The line can, of course, comfort themselves by the fact that the first year's operation of the *Queen Mary* is said to have cost the Cunard Steamship Company £30,000 in "souvenirs." When the United Nations had their first meeting in London shortly after the war, they were invited to a banquet at St. James's Palace, where they dined off the Royal gold plate. In spite of the fact that nearly every other waiter was a detective, the future arbiters of the world's destiny are reported to have got away with sixty-seven pieces of plate. While most of these were easy objects, such as spoons and forks, actual plates disappeared, though to this day I have never known quite how, if you are the not-so-fearfully-honourable delegate from Ruritania, you succeed in tucking a gold dessert plate up your white waistcoat or down your trousers!

I returned to be greeted by the enchanting story of the distinguished ex-politician, ex-ambassador who was asked by a very distinguished prelate indeed if he happened to know this wonderful young man, Mr. Randolph Churchill. The prelate was so much impressed, apparently, by Randolph's activities in tilting at the alleged pornography of the Sunday papers, that he continued: "I would love to meet him. Indeed, sometimes I would like to be him. I regard him, you know, as a modern Martin Luther."

H'm! I have the greatest possible admiration for Randolph's courage, and for many of his characteristics. I am not sure, however, that I would confidently enter him for the Wittenberg Stakes!

LA GOUVERNANTE. (1917.)

AUGUSTUS JOHN. (Early portrait.)

Ambrose McEvoy

A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION

The exhibition of Ambrose McEvoy's paintings which opens to-day (December 2nd) at the Leicester Galleries is the first opportunity the public has had of seeing such a fine collection of the artist's work since the memorial exhibition

MISS JOAN CLAUDIA JOHNSON. (1920.)

THE HON. MRS. AKERS-DOUGLAS. (1916.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Early portrait.)

THE HON. LOIS STURT. (1919.)

held at the Royal Academy twenty-five years ago. Ambrose McEvoy was born in 1878 at Crudwell, Wiltshire. Soon afterwards, his family came to London to live and when the boy was fifteen, they sent him to the Slade School on the advice of James McNeill Whistler, an old family friend. In 1901 he married an ex-fellow student and went to live in Chelsea, enjoying a very bright social life as his fame grew. Augustus John and Walter Richard Sickert were their close friends, and the McEvoys' house in Grosvenor Road quickly became a favourite meeting-place for the famous and fashionable. He was a member of the New English Art Club and constantly exhibited there. To-day, he is represented in the Tate Gallery and in numerous public galleries here and abroad. "True artist and faithful friend," writes Augustus John : "this was the sort of *man* I shall always remember."

MADAME GROVELEZ. (1920.)

THE GREEN HAT. (1918.)

Our Bookshelf

PERFORMING FLEA. By P. G. Wodehouse. (*Herbert Jenkins ; 12s. 6d.*)

DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY. By J. C. Trewin. (*Staples Press ; 16s.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

IN 1934, Mr. Hilaire Belloc caused a mild sensation by his introduction to the omnibus volume of Wodehouse, justifying his choice of this author as "the best writer of English now alive . . . a reasonable and well thought-out pronouncement," which yet puzzled a great many adherents of both Mr. Belloc and Mr. Wodehouse. One can guess from the genuine humility revealed in every line of this one-sided conversation-piece, *Performing Flea*, that "Plum" shared the general puzzlement at such a description of himself. A peculiar interest now attaches to Hilaire Belloc's opinion of our greatest humorist; not that a man's views are necessarily sounder after he has recently died than when he was still alive, but the English, and perhaps not only the English, give ear far more readily to Posthumous Pronouncements; and his dictum has been endorsed by an impressive collection of other big names.

The Wodehouse letters here affectionately assembled by W. Townend, a friend of his boyhood, are therefore as welcome in December as the flowers that bloom in the spring, and, indeed, as fresh and unselfconscious; where he has a pull over the flowers is that he simply cannot help being really extremely funny:

> *I went to an osteopath yesterday who practically tore me limb from limb. . . . I wonder what an osteopath does if a patient suddenly comes apart in his hands.* ("*Quick, Watson, the seccotine !*")

And in 1929:

> *. . . A big lunch at Metro-Goldwyn which they were giving for Winston Churchill. All very pleasant. Churchill made a speech at lunch, and when he finished Louis B. Mayer said : " That was a very good speech. I think we would all like to hear it again," and it was played back from an apparatus concealed in the flowers on the table. Churchill seemed rather taken aback.*

I dare not search for more specimens, because they leap at me from every page, and I have to pretend not to have seen them. I was just about to fling space to the winds and give you the whole of a perfectly gorgeous parody of Shakespeare telling the plot of *Hamlet* to Ben Jonson, when, thank heaven, it occurred to me that the book itself is available for what is known as a modest sum.

The title is perhaps a little unfortunate, even with his own explanation of Sean O'Casey's epithet:

> *Thinking it over, I believe he meant to be complimentary, for all the performing fleas I have met have impressed me with their sterling artistry and that indefinable something which makes a good trouper.*

And also that indefinable something which reveals a supreme gift for friendship; not a flow of soulful protestations, but the practical brand which may account for his popularity in the internment camp where he spent the first two years of the war, till his sixtieth birthday, when, according to routine, he was released. The fascinating day-by-day record, also published in this volume, shows him cheerful, whatever the adverse circumstances, and with his own irresistible comic slant on what must have been far from comfortable experiences.

Myself a Wodehouse fan to the verge of insanity, I thrilled to learn from his first letter, dated 1920, that he had just managed "to write a number of short stories for the S.E.P.—about a bloke called Bertie Wooster and his valet." Bertie Wooster, my favourite hero in English literature!—not Jeeves, a supercilious character without an iota of his master's charm, but Bertie, who to oblige a pal was always willing to land himself in any sort of ridiculous predicament (a darned sight more useful—and more rare—than dying for them); never resentful nor remembering a grudge; a true gentleman, loyal, brave, good-tempered, unassuming, and withal by a multitude of quotations carelessly introduced into the dialogue, giving evidence of being quite alarmingly well-read.

I seem to be slightly confused—am I writing of Bertie Wooster or of P. G. Wodehouse, D.Litt. Oxon? Or . . . of both?

Chester Wilmot, who contributes the leading article in *The Sunburnt Country* (Collins ; 15s.), a book especially written by the Society of Australian Writers in England as a tribute to their homeland, and published on the eve of the Queen's departure on the Australia-New Zealand tour.

IN his Preface to *Dramatists of To-day*, Mr. J. C. Trewin insists that he is giving us a wholly personal view which

> *Sam Weller called " the taste and fancy " of the author. . . . As Kipling said, " There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays."*

Admirably free from any desire to crab for crabbing's sake, when he does make adverse comments, he substitutes a wry gaiety for the "semi-swoon of cynical exhaustion" (his own phrase) with which a certain school of critics approach their job. Nor does he belong to the razor-and-tomahawk band, but, on the contrary, is often swept by a surprising impulse to go forth and attack with kindness, to raise a dramatist instead of knocking him down, to heal instead of slay; not in tepidity and a sort of mushy tolerance, far from it; the keynote is a real wish to understand what has been attempted; like English justice, he gives the criminal (for, of course, playwrights *are* criminals) every chance before condemning him. There are enchanting phrases on every page of this survey, so that we can adapt to ourselves his quotation from Daisy Ashford's dear Mr. Salteena: "He sat on a velvit cushion and quite enjoyed over-hearing the intelligent conversation."

In one place I join issue with him: enthusiastic over the magnificent speech in Christopher Fry's *Thor With Angels*, containing the line so characteristically Fry: "The maze and cellarage of honey," he yet cold-shoulders as great a speech from the end of *The Boy with a Cart*, which truly deserves better from a critic who responds so sensitively to poetry as opposed to mere verbiage. This, however, is a very minor point.

His mental processes are delightful, for he hardly ever makes brusque, isolated statements, but by a style of effortless weaving, recalling a Bach fugue, every reference quite naturally seems to draw in another. Thus he describes Miss Clemence Dane's *Will Shakespeare*, highly praised as "the only credible effort we have, in a full-length play, to bring Shakespeare himself to the theatre," by a line of G. K. Chesterton: "'The soup he took was elephant soup and the fish he took was whale'—*Will Shakespeare* has a whale of a plot."

And here are a mere handful of examples testifying to Mr. Trewin's gift for vivid illustration and witty summing-up.

Of the women dramatists: "In Clemence Dane and Dodie Smith we have the tempest and the tea-cup."

Of the early Emlyn Williams plays: "They smouldered in the mind. They did not curl away like smoke-wreaths, shred and fade while one was waiting for the homeward 'bus."

Of Noël Coward: "He is first of all a cracksman," and "the Coward who leads the charge of the Light Brigade"; and *Private Lives* was "the equivalent of romps in a powder-magazine." But of a Coward title: ". . . . the once-summoning word 'cavalcade' . . . has spread like a stain on watered silk until it has come to mean anything from a rumble of battered lorries to a short history of the world or any part thereof."

Above all, Mr. Trewin has the finest equipment for a critic: a childlike (not childish) capacity for enjoyment; and a belief that a bad play might by magic, and at any moment up to the last curtain, turn into a good one.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

DARK ESTUARY.
By "B.B." (*Hollis and Carter ; 30s.*)

THE DIARY OF A FREEMAN.
By Black Knight. (*Cassell ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE DEVIL RIDES OUTSIDE.
By John Howard Griffin. (*Collins ; 15s.*)

OLD MEN FORGET.
By Duff Cooper. (*Rupert Hart-Davis ; 21s.*)

THE ASCENT OF EVEREST.
By John Hunt. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 25s.*)

THE YOUNGER FELTHAMS.
By Warren Tute. (*Cassell and Co. ; 12s. 6d.*)

KATE TERRY GIELGUD : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Illustrated, and with a Foreword by her son, Sir John Gielgud. (*Max Reinhardt ; 21s.*)

ANTON DOLIN, author of ***Markova, Her Life and Art*** **(W. H. Allen ; 17s. 6d.),** a biography of one of the world's greatest ballerinas by one of the world's greatest danseurs. Told with all the pride of a partner and the warmth of a friend, it is much more than a career story of a great artist. It is a tale of delicacy and deep understanding, a story that begins with the trials and heartaches and disappointments of a child and carries us through the phenomenal rise of a star to her present pinnacle of success—as a woman who has conquered the world.

ROMY FINK, author of ***A Short Introduction to Japanese Art*** **(Seeley Service ; 12s. 6d.),** a beautifully illustrated little book on Japanese paintings and prints and ivories. The author is a man of many parts : a solicitor, he owns a diamond factory, is world secretary of the International Diamond Manufacturers' Association, and managing director of the Ballet Russe. His book—an appreciation of his great hobby—contains highly interesting factual information of an historical and traditional nature, in respect of these works which will live for ever.

RICHARD PAPE, M.M., author of ***Boldness Be My Friend*** **(Elek ; 16s.),** probably the most exciting of all escape stories of the last war. Pape, who was on the staff of the *Yorkshire Post* before joining the R.A.F., was shot down in Europe while navigating a Stirling bomber after a successful special mission. Thereafter, his exploits in escaping from prison camps, the almost fatal privations to which he was subjected, his recapture and torture by the Gestapo and his ingenious methods of smuggling vital information to the War Office under the noses of his guards are of the essence of high adventure. His account of his exploits is plain and forthright. The result : sheer suspense and excitement.

GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON, author of ***Changing Greenland*** **(Sidgwick and Jackson ; 18s.),** the chronicle of the writer's visit to Greenland as the guest of the Danish Government. After being virtually a forbidden land, closed to Danes and foreigners alike, Greenland is rapidly gaining international importance, and Mr. Williamson was given every co-operation by the authorities in his mammoth task. In the course of his research, he spent five weeks cruising up and down the west coast between Julianehaab, in the south, and Umanak, in the north. He inspected principal settlements and many small outposts, visited American-manned air bases and the Danish Greenland Command naval station at Gronnedal.

FOUR BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Princess Margaret's Hats

A ribbon-trimmed straw, with a divided front-brim, and a dotted half veil.

A tiny velvet cap, with a velvet bow falling to one side.

Feathers, in various shades, form this charming bonnet.

A shallow velvet pancake-hat, worn flat on top of the head.

A head-hugging cap in corded silk, with side trimmings.

Tucked satin, moulded into a half-bonnet, with an eye veil.

A pancake-hat in velvet, with a veiling trimming.

An unusual bonnet, with tulle ruching at the back.

A white cap, encircled with white fur, most flattering to the face.

The hats that Princess Margaret wears to-day are quickly copied to be worn to-morrow by the thousands of young women who eagerly follow her fashion lead, not only in this country but throughout the world. Her daytime clothes are simple and classic in line; thus it is that by her choice of hats she gives variety to her ensembles and suits them to her different social occasions. In the Royal tradition, all her hats must be face-revealing from all angles, so that Simone Mirman, who designs most of them, has made use of the present fashion of tiny hats, which Princess Margaret wears so delightfully.

NOVEMBER 10th.—ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION. A bridge and canasta party was held at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of this deserving cause, and *above* are some of the young girls who sold programmes and raffle tickets and were helped by the lifeboat men—Mr. Angel *in front*—and Mr. Robert and Mr. Gilliat.

NOVEMBER 12th.—WEDDING AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE. Captain John Acland, Scots Guards, had a guard of honour from his regiment after his marriage to the former Miss Myrtle Crawford, one of the loveliest brides of the year.

NOVEMBER 16th.—INAUGURATION OF THE SILVER MILE. Lady Rosemary Muir, with Dr. Alan Don, places a silver coin at the start of "Abbey Week," a nation-wide appeal for funds for the restoration of Westminster Abbey.

NOVEMBER 16th.—CHILDREN'S TEA-PARTY was given by Messrs. Batsford to mark the publication of *The Child in Fashion*, a book by Doris Langley Moore describing the changes in children's costumes from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries. Among the young guests were the children who appear in period costume in the book, and the afternoon ended with a Punch and Judy show.

NOVEMBER 16th.—ROYAL BOUQUET. H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, after opening the United Charities Fair at Grosvenor House, was presented with a bouquet by Georgina Simpson, daughter of Mrs. L. Simpson, president of the Fair.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

SINCE I last wrote, I have been to two delightful evening receptions held by the Hispanic Council at Canning House. The first was given following a dinner at which H.E. the Spanish Ambassador was the guest of honour, and later received the guests for the reception with Viscount Davidson, president of the Council, and Viscountess Davidson. During the evening a more-than-adept and extremely amusing conjurer entertained us all, and among those enjoying his skill were Mr. Marcus Cheke (Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps and Head of Protocol) and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke, Lord Kilmarnock, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, and Rear-Admiral Thomson. The second reception followed a dinner in honour of Their Excellencies the Ambassadors of Peru, Argentine and Chile, but owing to the absence abroad of H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, the Chargé d'Affaires and Senora Brunet attended, and Madame Freundt, the wife of H.E. the Peruvian Ambassador, was also present. Also at the dinner were Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, with his lovely wife, who is Italian by birth, and later received the guests for the reception with Viscount and Viscountess Davidson. These included the Marquis and Marquise de Miramont, the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lawson Johnstone, Sir George and Lady Nelson, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Glynn. Mrs. M. L. Arnold, who was awarded the O.B.E. by H.M. the Queen at the February Investiture, helped to act as hostess and, by looking after the guests at the receptions, greatly contributed to the success of both evenings.

A committee meeting to discuss plans for the Christmas Party which is being given at the Café de Paris on Sunday, December 13th, in aid of the British Cancer Campaign, was held at the lovely flat of Mrs. Dorothy Hartman, who is chairman of the Ladies' Committee. Everyone was delighted to hear that Mr. Charlie Chaplin has promised to make a personal appearance, and also that nearly all the tickets have been sold. Other attractions will be a cabaret in which Miss Florence Desmond, Mlle. Helene Cordet—both present at the meeting—and Mr. Christopher Hewitt are to appear. Mr. Jack Hawkins is to be M.C., and a Christmas-tree with numerous gifts will be combined with a tombola. Members of the committee who attended the meeting included Lord Foley, Mrs. Emlyn Williams, Mr. Hardy Amies, Mrs. Vernon Tate in grey velvet with a platinum mink stole, Mrs. Douglas Cleaver, Lady Marks wearing a lovely sable cape, and Mrs. Stewart Brown.

I have had news from Ireland of the opening meet of the Meath Hounds, which was also the occasion for making a presentation to Mrs. Nancy Connell on her retirement as Master. Mrs. Connell is one of the most popular and best-known riders to hounds in Ireland, and has been Master

[Continued overleaf.

NOVEMBER 16th.—DOWNSIDE ASCOT AND AMPLEFORTH BALL. Miss Fay Winney showing the bracelet she won at the tombola at the Ball which was held at the Dorchester Hotel.

NOVEMBER 18th.—THE ANGLO-BRAZILIAN DINNER, which is held annually, was given at the Savoy and H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador was present with his wife and two daughters. With him. *l. to r.*, Mlle. Veronica Gracie, H.E. Mme. Gracie and Mlle. Elizabeth Gracie.

NOVEMBER 20th.—PRIVATE VIEW. The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters was held at the Royal Institute Galleries. *L. to r.:* Viscount Bearsted, Mrs. Cyril Ross, Mr. Stanley Grimm (whose portrait of Viscount Bearsted can be seen at the right) and Viscountess Bearsted.

NOVEMBER 21st.—LONDON WEDDING. Mr. Richard Peacock, the well-known Yorkshire trainer, with his bride, the former Miss Leonore Quinlan, after their marriage at the Church of the Assumption, Westminster.

Our Social Diary (contd.)

of the Meath since 1931. At her request the presentation was of old Irish silver, including four beautiful seventeenth-century candlesticks, and was made by Captain Henry Fowler, a former Master and still a keen supporter of the Hunt, despite his ninety-six years. More than 200 members assembled on the Fair Green in front of the Presbytery at Navan, and amongst these were Colonel Charles Cameron, Joint-Master, the Earl and Countess of Fingall, the Earl and Countess of Mount Charles, who had brought their three-year-old son, Viscount Slane, with them, and Major the Hon. Bruce and Mrs. Ogilvy.

The 500 Ball at Claridges in aid of the British Rheumatic Association was honoured by the presence of H.H. Princess Marie Louise, president of the Ball and, like so many of the members of our Royal Family, an indefatigable worker for deserving charities. H.H. and the Dowager Lady Swaythling (who was acting as chairman for Lady Waddilove, who unhappily was prevented by illness from attending the Ball) were each wearing magnificent pearl tiaras, and received the guests together with Dr. and Mrs. Francis Bach and Major and Mrs. Ellert Forbes. When I arrived, the ballroom was already crowded with dancers, most of whom were the younger generation and many of them members of the Ball Committee, and deserving the greatest credit for the undoubted success of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. David Rutland were responsible for the really excellent tombola, and the programme-sellers included Miss Virginia Estcourt, Miss Elizabeth Ward, Miss Susan Senior, who was looking very attractive in bottle-green tulle, and Miss Margaret Pinder, who was also the organising secretary. There was a very good and amusing cabaret given by some former members of the Cambridge Footlights Club and amongst others enjoying the evening were Lord Carnegie, who had brought a party of friends, the Hon. Edmund Ironside and his wife, and Miss Belinda Renwick, who looked charming in a white ballerina-length dress.

H.R.H. Princess Margaret sent a "mystery" gift parcel to the stall for the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies and Children at the United Charities Fair which was held at Grosvenor House. When I arrived there in the morning some time before the official opening by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, I found the Fair already crowded, and the nineteen stalls being besieged by buyers. Among the programme-sellers who had been organised by Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, vice-president of the Fair, were the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Haslerigg and Mrs. Charles Oppenheim; I saw Mrs. Donald Fraser hard at work at the stall for the Invalid Children's Aid Society; Lady Hambro very busy selling produce at the stall for the Fairbridge Society, of which her husband, Sir Charles Hambro, is president, and the Hon. Rosalind Bruce with her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Morys Bruce, selling raffle tickets for the Children's Aid Society. Princess Alice, who looked charming dressed in grey, with a small wine-coloured hat, was welcomed to the Fair in a speech by the Mayor of Westminster, and he also asked H.R.H. to present a cheque to Mrs. Claremont on her retirement as chairman of the Executive Committee, in recognition of her tireless work for the Fair, of which her late husband was the founder.

I very much enjoyed the cocktail party given by the committee of the concert which is to be held at the Albert Hall on December 4th in aid of

NOVEMBER 18th.—UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION BALL. Mme. Massigli, wife of H.E. the French Ambassador, who was wearing a beautiful white lace dress embroidered with gold sequins, with Mr. Frederick Warner at the Ball which took place at the Dorchester.

NOVEMBER 19th.—"THE ROBE" PREMIÈRE. The first CinemaScope film to be seen in this country and throughout the world was shown at the Odeon, Leicester Square: Mr. Ivan Foxwell with his wife, Lady Edith Foxwell.

NOVEMBER 21st.—ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER. The former Miss Henrietta Studholme wore a gown of parchment-coloured satin and a family coronet of lilies of the valley at her marriage to Captain T. St. Aubyn.

NOVEMBER 23rd.—RECEPTION was held at Claridges by H.E. the Lebanese Ambassador in celebration of his country's National Day. Mlle. Alexa Khouri, who acts as hostess to her brother, the Ambassador, with Mr. Villaneuva, secretary to the Philippine Legation.

the United Appeal for the Blind, in the presence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. Lady Heald, the chairman of the committee, received the guests in the peers' guest room of the House of Lords, and among those who had braved the somewhat foggy evening were Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Air Marshal Thorold, Brigadier-General Critchley, an erect and gallant figure, and Mrs. Critchley, and Mr. and Mrs. Lance Spicer. Later in the evening there was an "auction" in aid of the funds, for which Mr. Jack Train acted as a most amusing auctioneer, and amongst the bidders was Mrs. Attlee, who acquired a brown leather bag. Also in aid of this more-than-deserving cause is a Christmas Fair which is to be held at the Park Lane Hotel on Monday, December 7th, and will be opened by Mrs. Odette Churchill, G.C., M.B.E.

Everyone must have read with the greatest interest of the recent discovery in America of the isolation of the virus responsible for poliomyelitis. At one time cases of this dread disease were comparatively rare over here, but more and more outbreaks in recent years have given serious cause for alarm, and it is with the hope of raising sufficient funds for the purchase of an electron microscope to enable vital research to be carried on in this country that the Mistletoe Fair and the Children's Party on December 9th and 10th will be held at Hutchinson House. I went to the committee meeting which was honoured by the presence of H.H. Princess Marie Louise, whose offer, as president, to open the Fair was most gratefully accepted by the chairman, Lady Cullen of Ashbourne. (H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester has graciously consented to attend the Fair the following afternoon.) The Children's Party should be great fun, as there is to be a Punch and Judy and Father Christmas. Refreshments will be obtainable for those who patronise the Fair, which will have, among other attractions, a boutique, hat-stall, bookstall and farm-produce stall.

My first thought on receiving an invitation headed "Black Knight" was that it must be for some kind of chess contest, but closer inspection and the drawing of a small Pekinese proved the invitation to be from the famous dog owned by Lady Munnings, inviting me to a cocktail party in celebration of the publication of "his" book. The party was held in the studio of Sir Alfred and Lady Munnings' house, but Sir Alfred unfortunately was indisposed and could not be present. After being received by Lady Munnings I joined the semi-circle of guests which had formed round the hero of the evening, who was seated on a cushion on a pedestal and, like one or two other camera-shy notabilities, was resolutely turning his head away from the would-be photographers. Later, Lady Munnings carried him around and I was formally introduced to this amazing member of the canine species, who, in addition to his literary achievement—and according to his mistress—can pick a winner at a race meeting with a greater degree of success than many a professional tipster!

That evening I went to the première of *The Robe*, the first CinemaScope film to be shown in this country and throughout the world. Vast crowds waited outside the Odeon Cinema in Leicester Square, and their enthusiastic acclamations denoted the arrival of screen celebrities, notably Mr. Victor Mature, who plays the part of Demetrius, the Greek slave, in the film, Mr. Jack Hawkins and his wife, Mr. Victor McLaglen and Mr. Alec Guinness.

H.R.H. Princess Margaret will be present at a Gala Performance of Tom Arnold's Circus at Harringay on Monday, December 21st, in aid of the Animal Health Trust, from whom tickets can be obtained at the following address: 232–5, Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Mike Kitay, a graduate of Rutgers and now at Cambridge on a two-year scholarship, sings " Quibbling, Quibbling, Quibbling all the Time " with Julie Hamilton, daughter of screenplay writer Jill Craigie.

Against an exotic background Hazel Brown and Marilyn Sturgeon daze Gareth Jones in a thoroughly professional manner with their dictum in song : " Men and Money are the two things in life that count."

Jo Lyde, as a waiter, puts in a great deal of work to get some change out of Joyce Quinney as Britannia, a genial blackmailer. Miss Quinney's performance ended the show on a high note.

Julie Hamilton, amateur actress, meets Julie Wilson, professional.

Musical Comedy at Cambridge

For six hilarious nights from November 9th to 14th, a musical comedy written and produced by three twenty-two-year-old Cambridge undergraduates, Leslie Bricusse, Robin Beaumont and Frederic Raphael, was staged at the Arts Theatre in Cambridge. Entitled *Lady at the Wheel*, it concerns the efforts of two American girls to win the Monte Carlo Rally. The show was well conceived and fulfilled the qualifications called for but not always expected on these occasions : it was musical and it was witty—and both on the grand scale. It is more than can often be said for the professional theatre's efforts in the same direction, and it is heartening to learn that the three young men responsible for it intend to continue writing musical comedy when they leave Cambridge at the end of this year.

This sketch, in which Gordon Gould, president of the A.D.C., held the audience spellbound for twenty minutes without speaking a word, has been described as the funniest piece of stage business since the war. This is the moment of Awful Realisation : he sees just what he is eating.

Four men discuss ways and means of getting an American girl to fall in love with them : *l. to r.*, Raymond, who eventually wins her ; an Official ; Ricardo, the Latin racing driver to whose poisonous advances the heroine so nearly succumbs ; and Muller, the German villain, who was played by Corpus undergraduate Colin Cantlie.

" Hell in the Early Morning " is the name of the song these six girls and six hitch-hiking boy-friends are singing. Taking part : James McGougan, Bernard Barr, Gareth Jones, Guy Cornwall-Jones, John Anson, Mike Kitay, Julie Hamilton, Liz Cornelius, Pat Metcalfe, Carolyn Souter, Hazel Brown, Ruth Mitchell and Marilyn Sturgeon

An Oxford Poet

THIS year the Arts Council awarded a prize of £225 to Elizabeth Jennings for her first volume of poetry. (*Poems by Elizabeth Jennings.* Fantasy Press, Oxford; 5s.) This ought not, I suppose, to have been as surprising to her friends as it was. Poems by Elizabeth have been published in Paris, Rome and New York, as well as in this country, and have been broadcast by the B.B.C.; twice she has been asked to read them before the Institute of Contemporary Arts.

But for those who are her friends, Elizabeth Jennings does not seem an important person at all. Quiet, tactful and (she insists) efficient, she works as a Senior Assistant in the Oxford City Library. One goes to change a book, scuffs one's feet before the young lady at the desk, and asks for Miss Jennings. When Elizabeth appears, "Liz, when can you come to tea?" one says. "I've just written something I want you to hear."

Poets should be lonely, embittered and alien, it is sometimes thought; Elizabeth, alas! has friends—friends who meet together often, talk about each other's work, criticise, compare, suggest. Probably not since W. H. Auden played tennis in a false beard and Rex Warner and Cecil Day Lewis ranged heartily about a rugger field, has Oxford enjoyed so talented and so active a generation of poets. I am myself hoping, in my old age, to be kept in free meals by a younger generation, on the strength of having known them. "Gosh, sir," the Oxford poets of twenty years from now will say, "did you know Donald Hall? (Do have another biscuit.) And Geoffrey Hill? (Try that one, sir, with the chocolate centre.) And Elizabeth Jennings? (Why, gosh, sir, take the tin!)."

So that Elizabeth does not exist in isolation. Her friends have most of them achieved more than a local reputation. Nor is she one of a "school." No political interests or theories about form unite the Oxford poets of to-day. They are a community, mutually critical, often mutually admiring, but never for a moment sinking their own turbulent individualities; anyone who has studied the series of pamphlets put out from Oxford by the Fantasy Press will have realised how different are the preoccupations and methods of this kicking younger generation of poets.

Elizabeth herself writes with delicacy and precision. She dislikes the wilfully obscure. None of her poems is difficult to read, and one re-reads them for pleasure, and not because one didn't understand them the first time. They are concerned with personal relationships, not with politics, and seldom with Nature or with the problems of religious experience. Her own tastes are catholic, however. Among modern poets, she particularly likes to read Yeats, Edwin Muir, and the American poet Wallace Stevens, and, of poets past, the Elizabethans, the Metaphysicals, Wordsworth and Coleridge. This is her own statement of preference. Perversely, her friends enjoy pointing out, in certain lines of hers, the influence of Auden.

There is not much money in poetry, and Arts Council prizes do not come more than once. Elizabeth, who was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, in 1926, lives the ordinary life of a doctor's daughter, who took a B.A. in English at Oxford, and now works in a Public Library. She loves Italy, and tries to spend some part of each summer there; she loves the warm stone and mists of Oxford. It may be that this sort of life, rooted in occupation and the affections of friends and in the security of her faith (for she is a Catholic), makes for poetry at once more firm and more easily communicated than does the lonely isolation of poetic legends.

J. B.

Photo: Studio Edmark.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS, a Senior Assistant in the Oxford City Library, who has been awarded an Arts Council prize for her first volume of poetry.

"SEQUENCE FROM CHILDHOOD": AN EXTRACT.

Children ask that stories be repeated,
And if we change a word they catch us out;
Wanting no ends, they trace the well-known route
As if it is new land they have created.
Their history is of animals who live
Long within lives, are always on the move,
Of kings who fall but to be reinstated.

Their detailed countries live by being told
Over and over; they unwrap new meaning
From stories, learnt by heart, when we repeat them.
A dream made verbal is for them no dream,
And boring narratives are where they build
A power of love, a world without beginning.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Some Flowers of Speech

Pygmalion

(*St. James's*)

SHAW would have been pleased, I think. Everything is here, from the torrents of heavy summer rain upon Covent Garden that night in 1913, to Alfred Doolittle's "well-marked and rather interesting features." (Charles Victor sees to this.) And the dramatist is present himself: two portrait busts stare at each other across Higgins's room in Wimpole Street: they are spotlit before the play opens. Shaw might almost be smiling at the prodigious success, through the years, of one of his least exacting plays, the romance with an "energetic phonetics enthusiast" as hero, because G.B.S. felt that this was the brand of reformer most needed just before the First World War. Why G.B.S. thought it would do the cause much good to write *Pygmalion*, we cannot say. But the piece bounced into fame, largely because of Eliza's famous adjectival exit from Mrs. Higgins's "At Home"; and the Cockney flower-girl Galatea has been for years a test-piece for English actresses.

By now it may also be a test-piece for critics who have come to regard it as Shaw's *Merchant*. But, like the *Merchant*, the comedy immediately conquers in performance. An actress must be very bad indeed to lose the solemn farcical splendour of the scene in which Eliza, slowly, as one in state, speaking with a beautiful tone and keeping a proper poise and gravity, introduces the Eynsford Hill family to the New Small Talk. Kay Hammond, the latest Eliza, reaches her meridian here. She has dealt with the Cockney flowers of speech more faithfully than we had feared (we have the "cup of tea" lesson from the film to make things harder); but it is in the third act that glory shines, as it must for any Eliza.

Miss Hammond seems here to be skating very slowly, and with a certain pomp, down a long avenue of aspirates. Breathing steadily, and in good order, she nearly completes the course ("Them she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat"). The word "booze" becomes a thing of ineffable beauty. And while we are still soothed by the long crooning-and-cooing, as of doves in immemorial elms, and Mrs. Eynsford Hill is brooding on the horrors of Miss Doolittle's aunt's deathbed, Miss Doolittle herself suddenly skates majestically out of the picture, dropping her famous epithet on the way, in a rich golden tone and with the utmost decision. "Be bloody, bold and resolute," said the apparition to Macbeth. It speaks for Eliza.

I have never been happy about the closing scenes. Miss Hammond looks after the girl who is no longer the fun she was when her Pygmalion was creating her; throughout, the impossible Higgins wears John Clements' charm like a cloak and, most important here, Alfred Doolittle, for whom Charles Victor has composed a loving mask and whose voice is clearly that of Eliza before the change, takes the stage with a shining despondency.

If only we could attend the wedding! But there are a good many things we want to see and hear in *Pygmalion*. Does Eliza come back? Most people will say that she does. Shaw says flatly that she doesn't: he has written an entire essay to show why he did not use a happy ending that would have been one of "the reach-me-downs of Romance." It may sound like Shavian capriciousness; but he has his reasons why Freddy and Eliza should marry (and take a flower-shop in the arcade of a railway station not very far from the Victoria and Albert Museum). Mr. Clements and Miss Hammond used to appear in a complete *Man and Superman*. I suggest that, now and then during this season, they might end *Pygmalion* with a reading of the explanatory essay. It would be fresh to many in the audience, I fear—and a shock.

Now it is left only to cheer the performances of Athene Seyler as Mrs. Higgins, keeping the expression of a good hostess during the most terrifying tea-party on record, and of Nicholas Hannen forever standing by helpfully as Pickering. This may not be Shaw's best comedy; but could it be done more (this is the word) endearingly than at the St. James's? For the answer, see Eliza's reply to Freddy when he wonders whether she will be walking across the park.

"CHARLES" REMEMBERS

CHARLES LANDSTONE

I don't need to "review" Charles Landstone's book except to tell you that it is called *Off-Stage*, that it is published by Elek at 18s., and that it is the most honest and searching account we are likely to have of life in the inner circles of the theatre—especially the State-aided theatre—during the last remarkable decade. I would rather talk about its author.

If I did not know that Charles Landstone lived in North London, with his devoted sister (to whom the book is dedicated), I would suppose that he found his way night by night to some convenient theatre and slept in the stage-box. If so, that would be the only time he had ever slept in a theatre, or in any place where theatre matters were being discussed. Nobody is more gaily alert than Charles Landstone. The manifold problems of the stage (administrative problems that the playgoer does not think about) are his life's delight: he was for ten years Associate Drama Director of the Arts Council, and no one has done more for the theatre in the provinces.

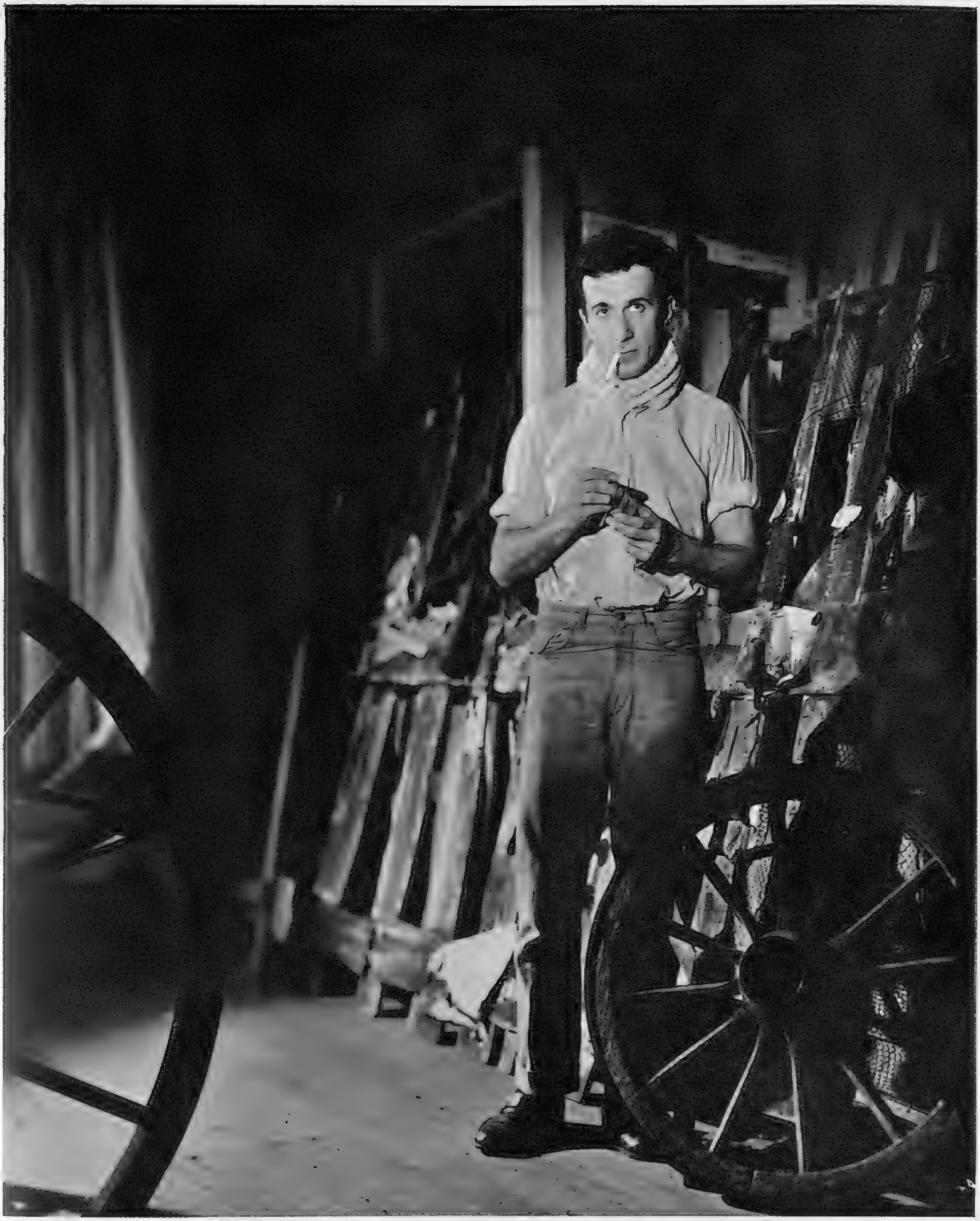
Not that he lacks an eye for what happens *on* the stage: his book gives proof of his critical faculty. Always eager, shrewd, friendly and with a wit that spurts out at the least expected moment, Charles, as theatre-man, is armed at all points. In a day when one virtue is not acknowledged as it should be, let me note the inspiring spirit of loyalty that shines through *Off-Stage* from first page to last—Landstone's loyalty to his friends and to the highest traditions of his beloved calling. J.C.T.

The Love Match

(*Palace*)

THERE are flowers of speech enough here; but they are Northern, not Southern. This is Lancashire "kitchen-comedy," a "laughter show." We gather that Blackpool is still laughing, and that should be the right tribute. Even so, one benighted critic can do no more than wheeze rustily, force a sad, autumnal smile. He remembers better Lancashire comedies, certainly better plays. Too much in this depends on personality. It is another Arthurian legend (though a very different affair from that at the Vic). If Arthur Askey is your idea of a major comedian, then this is your cup of tea—several strong cups. But if you do not laugh at Mr. Askey, you may find the night parching.

Here he is one of the wilder football fans: a man ready to sit up in bed, portentously rosetted, listening to a running commentary and whisking an infernal machine of a rattle. In the eighteenth century they talked of "agreeable rattles"; they never knew Askey or, for that matter, the admirer of Frank Sinatra beside whom (and her rattle) I once sat for an interminable hour. To Bill Brown (Mr. Askey) the club is all. He is the model of a clubbable man, a referee's scourge. There is a lot about football in the play, and a little about love. There is a lodger (who happens to be a referee), and also—I should have explained that Mr. Askey, in time off from football, is an engine-driver—there is a fireman whom the author, Glenn Melvyn, acts with a mild slowness that has its charm. But I wish he had not allowed himself to stammer. Stammering on the stage is never funny, and Mr. Melvyn is a neat enough player to do without it. Thora Hird, thorough in all she undertakes, and the volatile Anthea Askey share in a frisk that may or may not please you. I was sorry myself to sit like a death's-head at the hot-pot.



Photographed by Baron.

ROLAND PETIT BACKSTAGE

Once again the Ballets de Roland Petit are delighting audiences at the Stoll Theatre, where they commenced their second London season this week. Petit's exuberant approach to choreography has a freshness and gaiety that is entirely Gallic, and it appeals immensely to the ballet-loving public by its very contrast to the magnificent traditional ballet we are so lucky to have as our own. Perhaps the most brilliant of the recent works by Roland Petit which are included in the Company's repertoire is the ballet *Le Loup*, which is based on a story by Anouilh. For so young a man, M. Petit's success has been quite remarkable: he has established himself as one of the great choreographers of the modern era of ballet.

CANDID COMMENTARIES : By CREDENDUS

Paris by Night

NO man can say that the words "Paris by night" leave him entirely unmoved. They whet the imagination for a brief period of infinite possibility. Those who have never seen Paris enjoy it the most. For them the imagined pleasures of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter are more real than the suburban relaxations of Hampstead. Everyone has his own Paris. An entertaining pastime for the Englishman who knows the capital is to study the Parisian at leisure. It has been said that the French like their Gothic pure, their jazz hot and their vices vicious. A night spent visiting traditional haunts lends credence to the truism. I found the contrasts disconcerting . . . ranging from amorous tramps with their female companions to earnest students in sidewalk cafés and pseudo-Bohemians advertising freedom of expression.

Some of the floor-shows were too sensuously rich for English blood to appreciate. The *caveaus* belied their origin as convents, prisons or monasteries and titillated those who had come for an amoral night with their fake chains, chastity belts and instruments of torture which hung from the stone ceilings. At another night spot a party of English tourists were as entertaining as the floor show. Few sights are funnier to watch than residents of Kensington trying to put their womenfolk through an Apaché act.

An existentialist café at midnight was an experience. It is astonishing what types commingle in a smoke-grimed cellar in the name of Jean-Paul Sartre. Everyone has a similar ambition . . . to bare their innermost thoughts to anyone who will listen to a cascade of erotic lies and invariably on the strength of a single drink. Memories of Josephine Baker are kept fresh in Montmartre with outbursts of red-hot jazz. Admittedly there are differences caused by the absence of a few inches of clothing, an extrovert nature, and a foreign tongue, but otherwise the night pleasures of Paris follow a similar pattern to those of New York and London.

An interesting aspect of French life to an Englishman is the attitude of a Frenchman to women. He simmers with suspicion based on the tenet that no man is honest and no woman is faithful. This feeling is constant throughout French society. Seemingly only masculine intellect can be trusted. The feminine approach is different. She knows that her husband is no different to any other in basic requirements. He believes that no women are the same. The female not in his company is always more desirable, hence the tag by M. Geraldy that love is the effort a man makes to be satisfied with only one woman, whilst two centuries earlier Jean de la Bruyère said there are no ugly women : there are only women who do not know how to look pretty. It is a novel illusion, about the only self-deception left to a Frenchman. English women dress for the benefit of other women. In France women include men in their reason for stylish dressing. Instead of trying to improve their husbands, they concentrate on themselves with gratifying results as even their husbands testify.

After referring to the French Bureau of Statistics, I feel that Dr. Kinsey could make himself completely at home in Paris. Two years ago the Bureau reported that 17 per cent. of the 9,515,000 French children under fifteen years now alive were born out of wedlock, and 15 per cent. were born in the first six months of the marriage of their parents. Almost all the illegitimate children were born of women under 25 years of age. On the surface it is startling that 32 per cent. of all French children under fifteen were conceived out of wedlock, but statistics can mislead, for one woman could be the mother of more than one illegitimate child.

Paris by night holds many memories. I have a blurred recollection of white shirt-fronts, a faint outline of white shoulders, a franc-sized dance floor and a glimpse of life through wine-coloured glasses in the rowdy Rue de Lappe. Outside it was cold. The Seine was dark under a clouded half-moon. Flowing between silent banks, it assumed an air of intimacy denied by day. Remote and melancholy, it beckoned to the hopeless and despondent with an air of callous indifference. The water looked oily and treacherous. Thoroughfares that knew the rush of commerce, the bustle of traffic and the hubbub of pedestrians had surrendered their personalities. The silence was uncanny. Acres of deserted buildings. Acres of blackness. A lifeless waste-paper basket of stone. The only sign of life was the unceasing prowl of cats and the opalescent gleam of hunting eyes. Such is one aspect of night life in Paris. No individuality. Just silence and void. It is not always so. Certain buildings come to life when man departs. The graceful bulk of Notre-Dame by moonlight is a vision complete in itself. Centuries have infused life into the very stones of the Hôtel de Sens. It belongs to the past. The black shadows which had enwrapped Paris were paling moment by moment. Lamp-lights were loath to dim their solitary brilliance . . . the Parisian night was ending.

Sketches by the Author.

Hôtel de Sens—one-time residence of the Archbishops of Sens.

Rue Lepic and the windmills of Montmartre.

Unsuspecting corners of *place* in Montmartre.

SHOWGIRL.

The Opera and Place de l'Opéra.

BELL-BOY.

FASHION PLATE.

MOULIN ROUGE.

ARTIST.

IDLER.

BALLET GIRL.

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

Gloom . . . Horror . . . Laughter

AT Lime Grove, just now, the talk is all about television's annual pre-Christmas doldrums. I must confess to being a little puzzled by this attitude, for on browsing through the advance schedule there seem to be quite a number of things that promise very well. Certainly the drama department shows no signs of resting on its oars, and there are three plays due to be done within the coming fortnight which should satisfy even the most critical.

December 6th and 10th bring *Wuthering Heights*, an adaptation, by one of the B.B.C.'s staff-writers, Nigel Kneale, of Emily Brontë's disturbing classic.

I can think of few more fearsome tasks than the one which Mr. Kneale undertook in reducing *Wuthering Heights*, with its vast human canvas and infinity of detail, to the limits imposed by ninety minutes' traffic on the television screen. But all the essentials are there, told in actuality, flash-back and hearsay. One learns of the introduction of the foundling Heathcliffe into the Earnshaw family, his passionate, consuming love for the daughter Cathy, his inhuman persecution at the hands of the vile son Hindley. One meets the pompous, cowardly neighbour Edgar Lynton and his hapless sister Isabella. Cathy, wild, capricious and unpredictable, marries Edgar while Heathcliffe is away battling with life and making his fortune. When he returns he is presented with a double motive for revenge—revenge upon Hindley for all the hurts of the past and upon Edgar for stealing the devouring love of his life. Hindley he reduces to a drunken, gibbering bankrupt, and then takes possession of Wuthering Heights, the sinister farm set in the midst of the bleak, wind-swept moors. Edgar he chastens by marrying his sister and making her life an utter hell. What strange thoughts burned in the minds of the ladies of Haworth Parsonage.

Then on December 8th there is a play which, though not so unrelentingly grim, is much more macabre. This is Patrick Hamilton's *Rope*, which has already won much renown in the West End, the films, the "rep," and in all places where they act. It has, in fact, already been done three times before on television—but never mind.

Two undergraduates, Brandon and Granillo, come to the mutual decision that it would be lots of jolly fun to commit the entirely motiveless, perfect murder. So they invite one of their fellow Oxonians back to Brandon's house and without the least hard feelings proceed to strangle him with a rope. They then bundle the body into a large chest, on top of which Brandon causes to be laid the food and drink for an intimate supper party. It is a horrid idea, and it is made even more so by the fact that one of the guests is the dead boy's father. Just in case you have not yet seen *Rope* I will not enlarge on subsequent events. But even if you do know the plot, you will admit that *via* the intriguing character of Rupert Cadell, the lame poet, the author has made a play which is probably unmatched for its frightening, unceasing tension.

There is obviously more than a possibility that these two plays may cast a cloud of gloom over your viewing. Luckily it is dispelled, just in the very nick of time, by one of the most hilarious plays which have ever been written. I refer to *Once in a Lifetime*, by Kaufman and Hart, which is scheduled for December 13th and 15th.

This is a period piece, inasmuch as it was written at a time when satire was still permissible on the other side of the Atlantic, and inasmuch as it deals with that earthquake which rocked the foundations of the film world: the innovation of the "talkies."

We are introduced to May Daniels, Jerry Hyland and George Lewis, the three members of a variety act which has fallen on bad times. They scrape together the few remaining dollars they have and set out for Hollywood. They figure that as film-stars must now talk and sing, as well as act, there is a fortune to be picked up by teaching them the "know-how." Up to this point the play makes a certain amount of sense. But from the moment this redoubtable trio hit Hollywood, everything becomes a shambles. They meet the great Celluloid Mogul, Herman Glogauer (not even Sheridan could have invented a name more apt), who falls enthusiastically for their idea and they set to work—at a vast salary—to improve the acting and diction of two moronic glamour girls, Phyllis Fontaine and Florable Leigh, whom Mr. Glogauer has under contract. Their efforts are not a success, and the trio are out on their ear in a flash.

But wait a minute. Up to now all the bright ideas have come from May and Jerry, who have a passion for making sense. George is rather kept in the background, because his mental equipment does not stretch much beyond reading *Variety* and eating immeasurable quantities of nuts. He loses his temper with Mr. Glogauer and tells him exactly what he thinks of him. So, of course, he is made the production manager of the studio. George's progress after that is one long triumph. You'll give up long before the end, but I hope you'll laugh a lot.

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

The violently controversial Elizabethan Evening's Diversion. In fact, very good indeed. From the start it was quite obvious that much time, thought and work had gone into the assurance that all the items were absolutely authentic; and nothing could be found wanting in the performing, dressing and presentation of it all.

Britannia of Billingsgate, by Sewell Stokes and Christine Jope-Slade. Especially for the performances of Vi Stevens and Lana Morris.

Puzzle Corner, which I advocated long ago should be made into a programme of its own instead of unbalancing *Kaleidoscope*.

The Shop at Sly Corner, by Edward Percy, which I discussed last time. Very exciting, well directed by Lionel Harris, and fine performances by Keneth Kent, Ray Jackson and Helen Misener.

Bad

This is the Life, an unbelievably stupid, over-sentimental American film which served as the Epilogue on November 22nd. It was made even more unbearable for me by the obviously sincere acting of the players.

People Who Matter

DR. ANTONIO de O. SALAZAR

(Dictator, Economist, Recluse)

TERRITORIES eleven times the area of the British Isles with a population of more than ten million continue to be controlled from the office of the one-time professor of economics and finance, who has been the near-silent Dictator and Prime Minister of Portugal for exactly a quarter of a century. In the elections just held by our oldest ally, Dr. Antonio de Oliviera Salazar, sixty-four, massive and square shouldered, with vigorous, sensitive nose, of medium height, rich, flowing grey hair neatly parted, was re-elected, as he forecast, "without any doubt." The ten million Portuguese occupying an area equalling that of the post-war rump of Austria, will go on enjoying their incomparable sunshine near luxurious pines, tropical palms and incomparable sands and mountain forests.

Salazar looks what he was intended to be, a priest, only son of a peasant mother who bore five children to an estate worker in the north. He remains humble and unspoilt by the munificence of the characteristic palace where he lives part of the year; short holidays he spends in the tiny property he has built close to the one-floor home where he was born and where his two sisters, one a village teacher, stay now. The village lies between Portugal's Oxford, fascinating, ancient Coimbra (say it as "quim-bra") and Porto, incredible Manchester of the Iberian peninsula, city of hotels that humbled me with their luxuriousness and sense of dignity, and of at least 276 kinds of wine, of which Britain is, sanely, the best customer.

In 1926 Salazar was unknown outside Coimbra, except by diligent readers of a Catholic daily in which he urged drastic reforms on a country that had for decades lived on grim deficits, suffering forty-three cabinets in sixteen years under eight presidents (one lasting a full day). The soldiers of the Revolution asked the Professor to become Minister of Finance. He bought a railway ticket, stayed four or five days in modest lodgings in Lisbon, disapproved Ministry methods he could not change, went home. Soon, he was called back, on his own ruthless terms. Soon, again, he became Premier.

Pictures of Salazar smiling are said to be unknown. But I found him behaving meekly, with delicacy, and smilingly obeying a request (after discussion) to leave the arm-chair in the official study and sit behind the impressive desk, for the picture reproduced here. Salazar "is infinitely pleasant to be with," our erudite Ambassador told me. That is an understatement. Few people know or have met Salazar. One of the leading diplomatists in Lisbon has seen him once—in eighteen months—in public. He abjures uniforms, dislikes functions, conferences, publicity, applause or visitors.

Portugal may be ruled by a stern dictatorship, but the Press is clean, courts are always held in public. Murderers sentenced to the maximum penalty (life-sentence imprisonment) must be taken, by the State, before a court of appeal and again to the supreme Court of Appeal to avoid curious errors known elsewhere. Salazar appears adequate to our times, says: "The tragedy of our era is the progress in technical achievement, without corresponding spiritual advance. That is the question mark of our survival"—G.B.

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Anton.

"ONE AND A HALF TO SLOANE SQUARE, PLEASE."

THE PILTDOWN MAN and DIANA OF CAISTOR : For fooling some of the people all of the time.

Two heads that have caused a lot of head-hanging in one place and another are the famous Piltdown Man relics—of which the above *left* is a plaster reconstruction—which were unearthed about forty years ago near Piltdown village, Sussex, and the sculptured head of the goddess Diana in Norwich Castle Museum. For sixty years, "Diana" has been described as a genuine example of Roman sculpture, but now, alas! scientific tests have shown that the statue is a copy and that its age is nearer 200 than 2000 years! As for the Piltdown Man, the relics (the black areas on the cast) that were considered to have been about 600,000 years of age are now considered to be parts of a skull not more than 50,000 years old.

LEIGH KOSTELANETZ : For fooling all of the people some of the time.

The man who keeps a market stall at Salisbury kept the B.B.C. in the dark for a while when he posed as a Hollywood beauty expert. The faces of the organisers must have been as red as his pretty young model's hair—but the "expert" is unashamed. The B.B.C. fell for the idea when he posed as an American. There's a moral in it, somewhere!

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

ANNA NEAGLE : For tackling anything with a good grace.

Above, Anna Neagle conducts well-known personalities in Haydn's *Toy Symphony* at the festival dinner at the Savoy Hotel in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. *Below*, she limbers up on the ballet *barre* the day after her show, *The Glorious Days*, finished in London. Next June she will be taking the show on a tour of seaside towns.

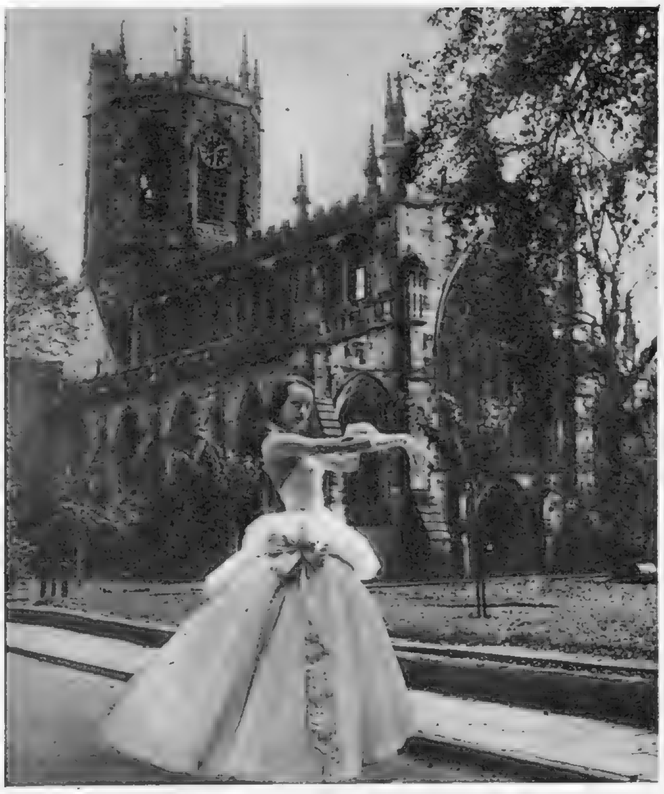
TWO STARS IN THEIR OWN PROFESSIONS : For not being too proud to go back to school.

Julie Wilson, American stage star (second from left), sits among other students as she waits for her "cue" while taking part in Shaw's *Heartbreak House* at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, to which she has gone for more training. Cecil Beaton, *right*, stage designer, Court photographer and writer, talks to fellow-student Mrs. Carin Adler in a classroom at the Slade School of Fine Art, which he attends four times a week. He says that he wants to learn to paint in oils, and to change his style, because he hasn't had any lessons since he was at school.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

A PRETTY GOOD SHOW

Pretty any way you look at her is twenty-one-year-old Violet Pretty, a Carroll Levis discovery from Birmingham who has won fourteen beauty prizes and has appeared here on T.V. She will be leaving early in the new year for the United States, where she has secured a contract with the Mutual Broadcasting System of America for a radio series on their network of 560 stations.



St. Mary's, Nantwich, provides a picturesque background for this lovely ball dress in white tulle. The enormous skirt has a bouffante panier underlined with a broad, pompadour sash which finishes with a huge bow.

The more austere lines of St. Boniface, Bunbury, suit the formal splendour of this aubergine-coloured velvet evening dress with its draped white muslin corsage which flows into long points forming a train at the back.

Twelfth-century church St. Michael and All Angels, at Middlewich, is the background for this semi-evening dress in black muslin with its Zouave-uniform-styled skirt and draped corsage worn with a very decolleté velvet bolero.

This wedding dress in heavy moiré satin with paniered full skirt takes naturally to the setting : St. John the Baptist's, Chester. The satin-edged veil is held in place with a twist of pearls on the coronet-styled hair.

HAUTE COUTURE TO HELP CHURCHES

Paris came right to the English provinces when Jean Dessès brought ten of his most beautiful mannequins to model his entire winter collection at Brown's of Chester on November 12th and 13th. This outstanding fashion show was opened by Lord Leverhulme and proceeds were entirely in aid of the Fund for the Preservation of Historic Cheshire Churches. The fine old churches include St. John the Baptist and St. Mary-on-the-Hill, in Chester ; St. Boniface, Bunbury ; St. Mary, Nantwich ; St. Michael and All Angels, Middlewich ; St. Michael, Baddiley ; All Saints, Handley ; St. Mary and All Saints, Great Budworth, and St. James, Gamsworth. The parade was very popular indeed, and although M. Dessès gave up a budding career in the diplomatic service when he turned to dress designing, the good will aroused by his grand gesture leaves us with the feeling that France may have lost a civil servant, but she has by no means lost a "diplomat" in the true sense of the word.

Personality Parade—12

CAMPBELL WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

Theatreland knows him as "Mister First-Nighter," the man who has sat through more than 3000 good, bad and indifferent theatrical first nights. But Campbell Williams doesn't go to the theatre for enjoyment. As managing director of Keith Prowse, Britain's largest theatre-ticket library, he has one thought in his mind as he sits among the critics on an opening night : Will the public like it ? Tragedy or comedy, sophisticated or slapstick, Shakespeare or showgirls—he views them all with a calm, detached, but necessarily critical eye. A frown of concentration replaces his usual friendly grin : to buy, or not to buy ? He can't afford to be wrong : his decision can make or break a show. As the new owner of the Arts Theatre Club he will soon know both sides of the game—when other calm, detached critics range themselves to pass judgment on "Mister First-Nighter's" first nights !

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Cinemascope Gets Off to a Bad Start

The Robe

(Odeon, Leicester Square)

THE peculiar distinction of *The Robe*, one of those spectacles of the days of the late Roman decadence and early Christian martyrdom that Hollywood currently adores, is that it is the first feature film to be presented in the system known as CinemaScope. The new medium, according to Henry Koster, who directed *The Robe*, "provides the broadest entertainment value yet made available in motion pictures."

"Broadest" is indeed the word. The screen used for CinemaScope is approximately 60 ft. wide, more than twice as wide as it is high. It is slightly curved inward towards the audience, which sometimes gives us the sensation of viewing the world through the slit of a giant letter-box. The sponsors of CinemaScope proudly claim that you can see this thing without glasses, thereby suggesting that it has something of a three-dimensional quality. It has not. Possibly the curve of the screen does help to produce some slight illusion of depth, although no more than has been achieved by good "flat" cameramen and directors in the past, but CinemaScope is primarily panoramic, rather than stereoscopic.

The main function of the device is to enlarge the field of spectacular scenes *horizontally*, and this works out fine in the case of processions, or wide expanses of flat countryside and sea. (The most impressive scene in *The Robe* is one that makes a great blue bay look exactly like a great blue bay.) But for close-ups and intimate scenes it is not so successful; and I, at least, found the shape distracting to the eye. If the original proportions are to be maintained, an entirely new technique of production will have to be devised. This will take time, and it is only fair to give CinemaScope time, however discouraged we may feel by its first exhibition.

It is easy, in the case of *The Robe*, to blame the medium for the faults of the material. *The Robe* would have been less than a good film on any screen. Obviously sincere in its intention, though distressingly naïve in its interpretation; adapted from a religious best-seller by America's Rev. Lloyd Douglas, it tells the story of the conversion of the Roman tribune who was in charge of Christ's crucifixion, and won Our Lord's robe in a dice-game at the foot of the Cross. With the exception of Richard Burton, who nearly makes a credible person out of the perplexed Roman, the cast (which includes Jean Simmons and Victor Mature) has been unequal to the task of surmounting the film's tremendous length and occasional banalities.

Monsieur Hulot's Holiday

(Curzon)

FRANCE'S Jacques Tati is a comic, the charm of whose antics is a matter of taste. I know some intelligent people who split their sides with laughter watching him; other intelligent people whose faces become grimmer and colder as he galumphs his way about the screen. "M. Tati is the comedian at whom I have laughed most this year," writes one. "M. Tati is remarkably un-funny," says another, "and I write as one who is apt and eager to laugh at anything, from custard-pies upward." So, you see, you can take your choice with regard to M. Tati, without losing your reputation for intelligence. To my mind, there are few personal properties that deserve more respect than a man's individual idea of fun.

Jacques Tati, who wrote, directed and starred in *Jour de Fête*, has fulfilled the same triple function for *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday*. This time he has taken for his setting a small French *plage* (the exteriors were filmed in Brittany, at Saint-Marc-Sur-Mer). The film has no plot in the accepted sense. Its incidents are thrown together without apparent regard for construction or climax, although they do end in a tremendous burst of accidental fireworks. The design would appear to be to show that people on holiday behave pretty much as they would behave at home; only more so. Synopsis puts it in the form of a series of questions: "Won't we be more like ourselves than ever? Won't the hiking enthusiast hike, the fisherman fish, the stroller stroll, the sunbather bask, the bridge fiend play bridge, the sportsman play tennis and ride and sail, the flirts flirt, all more actively than at home?"

The other characters in the film are types; only Jacques Tati, as Monsieur Hulot, is an individual. He arrives out of nowhere in a sputtering little car, creates general havoc in the small seaside hotel, blunders with the best intentions in the world into every object, situation and personage within sight, and, finally, withdraws in his sputtering little car to another year of nowhere.

It is a part of M. Tati's comedy that he never speaks. A very large young man, dressed in tennis flannels and a Tyrolean hat, gripping a pipe between his teeth at a rakish angle, he prances and capers about the set, reducing everything to chaos, while his fellow-guests and the hotel staff gaze at him in incredulous surprise.

Monsieur Hulot's Holiday is a rather gentler manifestation of the slapstick comedy of the old silent days, although it has some ingenious sound effects, and a few lines of dialogue here and there. It has a delightful *feeling* of seaside and sun, and there is much in it to like, whatever may be your personal reaction to M. Tati as a comedian.

"I like a picture to *LOOK* like something!"

Other New Films

FORT TI *(London Pavilion)*.—A 3-D effort, mainly distinguished by the large number of uncongenial objects hurled straight at the audience. Set in the year 1759, described by its sponsors as "The First Big Outdoor Epic in 3 Dimensions," it tells a rather tedious story of skirmishes between Rogers' Rangers and both Frenchmen and Indians. Stars are George Montgomery and Joan Vohs. Colour photography, hardly striking in itself, loses a good deal of brightness through the enforced use of polaroid glasses. An old-style caption, "End of Part One. Part Two will continue after a short intermission," divides the picture; which has, altogether, an old-fashioned feeling in spite of the bullets, tomahawks, flaming arrows, boulders, bats and Redskins landed in your lap.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY *(Leicester Square)*.—Best described as a frank exposé of boredom and brutality of American Army life in Hawaii just before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, this ferocious picture, based on another best-selling American novel, strikes me as being ugly, untimely and unlikely to increase the prestige of the United States abroad. The star-studded cast includes Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra (who is beaten to death for being absent without leave), Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed, most of them seeming wretchedly out of place. In justice to the story and the actors, it must be admitted that a good deal of relevant narrative material appears to have been cut; such as the means by which Miss Reed expects to build a house for her mother, join the Country Club, and take up golf, out of her savings during a brief spell as a peculiarly exclusive Honolulu night-club "hostess."

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

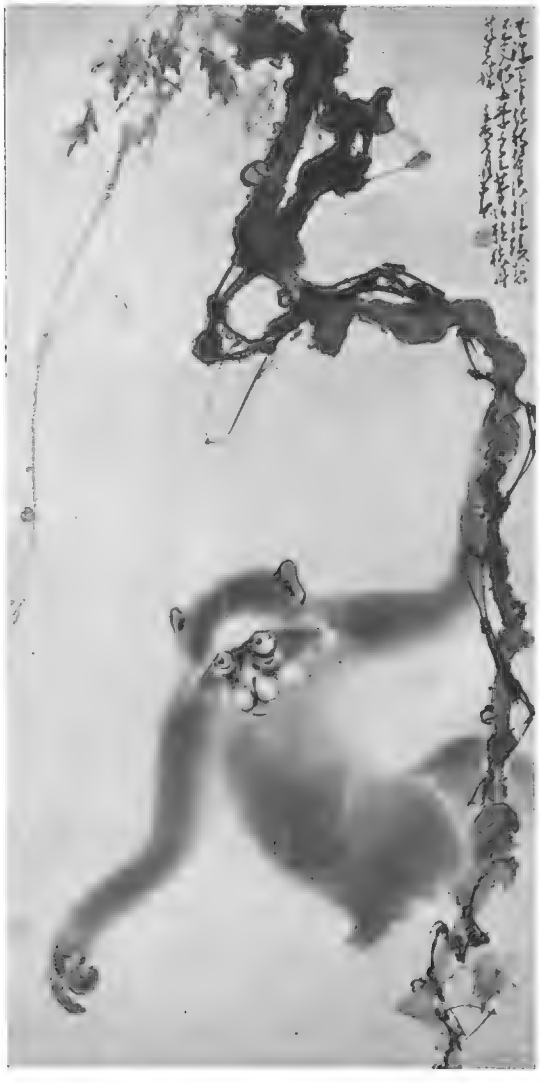
PRINCIPAL BOY ON ICE

One of the youngest stars ever to head the cast of a big London production is Andra McLaughlin, who will play the name-rôle in *Sinbad the Sailor on Ice* which opens at the Empress Hall to-morrow (December 3rd). This vivacious lass from Colorado has represented America on many occasions in world figure-skating events, and since turning professional last year has often co-starred with Barbara Ann Scott. Here in London she may not exactly find Sinbad's traditional "fabulous wealth," but she *is* to receive a weekly salary of £600 during the pantomime's run—not at all bad for a nineteen-year-old!

JEUNE FEMME EN BLEU, LISANT DANS UN JARDIN.
By Auguste Renoir.
(Marlborough Fine Art Ltd., 17-18, Old Bond Street, W.1.)

SELENA RESTING.
By Erlund Hudson.
(R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. N.F.S.)

From Recent Exhibitions at The Art Galleries



THE MONKEY CRYING IN THE EARLY MORNING.
By Professor Chao Shao-An.
(Marlborough Fine Art Ltd. £55.)

REGATTA, VENICE.
By John Paddy Carstairs.
(Leger Galleries, 13 Old Bond Street, W.1. 18 gns.)

DRESSING.
By Dame Laura Knight.
(Leger Galleries, 13, Old Bond Street, W.1. £150.)

LA RACE BLANCHE.
By Rene Magritte.
(Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street, W.1. £400.)

PROFIL DE FEMME.
By Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec.
(Arthur Tooth and Sons, 31, Bruton Street, W.1.)

Right: ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS.
By M. Utrillo.
(Arthur Tooth and Sons, 31, Bruton Street, W.1.)

The Chairman of the Ball Committee, Mrs. Gerald Bentall, in a fitting satin dress, dancing with her husband.

Mr. Jo Mattli, who had shown some of his dresses earlier in the day to the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, has a private chat with his wife.

Miss O. Cadwell, a fashion buyer, wearing a beautiful dress inspired by Balmain, in orchid-pink beaded brocade, with a jewel-embroidered bodice.

Miss Yolande Turnbull, of Johannesburg, in white lace with a green stole, has a quiet conversation with Mr. Michael Cobham.

Mr. Frederick Starke, the dress-designer, with Mrs. Alyson Talan in black satin, marabou-trimmed, and Princess Galitzine in cream and gold silk.

Mrs. Digby Morton, whose husband arrived later from the Television Dress Show, with Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hill, Mr. Ray Calvert and Miss Julie Harrison.

Sitting out quietly and watching the crowd on the dance-floor are Miss Eve Wynn, Miss Ann West, in a sequin-embroidered dress, and Mr. Forrest Tucker.

LONDON'S FASHION BALL

Once again people from all branches of the Fashion World met at their annual Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the Purley Schools, founded for the care of orphans and dependants of members of the fashion trade. All attendance records were broken, and some of the loveliest dresses in London were to be seen. Couturiers, arriving late from the televising of their dress show that had earlier been shown to the Queen Mother, rubbed shoulders with models, dress-manufacturers, buyers, journalists and others who in one way and another are connected with the fashion business, and wished to help the children of their less fortunate colleagues.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

The party may be by candle-light in a country cottage, it may be beneath glittering chandeliers in an old family house, in the bright lights of a modern hotel, or by the fireside of one's own home. Wherever it is, it is Christmas ; it is gay and it is party-time. It is a time to be beautiful and to wear something new and lovely. On these pages we show some Christmas party dresses. Here (*right*) is a dress for a country house in cold weather, or for an informal party. Matita's two-piece, a slim, short black skirt and a fringed tunic in snuff-brown and black wool, with a trailing sash. From Saxon Novis, Berkeley Street, and Hazelle, Edinburgh.

For Christmas Parties

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey at the Allegro Room.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

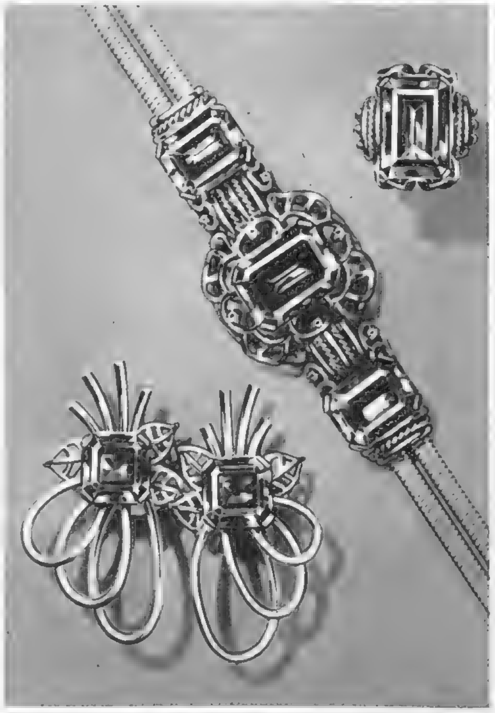
For Christmas Parties

Left: A long dress in blue satin, with a high Empire waistline, emphasised with a black band and a black rose. The shoulders are covered. By Frederick Starke, about £28 15s., from Galeries Lafayette; and Samuels, Manchester.

Right: Pale blue satin, embroidered with sequins and beads in silver and darker blue. The shoulders have wide straps and the skirt is long and full. By Susan Small, about 35 guineas, from Galeries Lafayette.

Below: A short, fitting dress in sea-blue lace, stiffly mounted, with a draped bodice and wide neckline. There is a stole in matching lace. Price 18 guineas, by Sylvia Mills, from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.

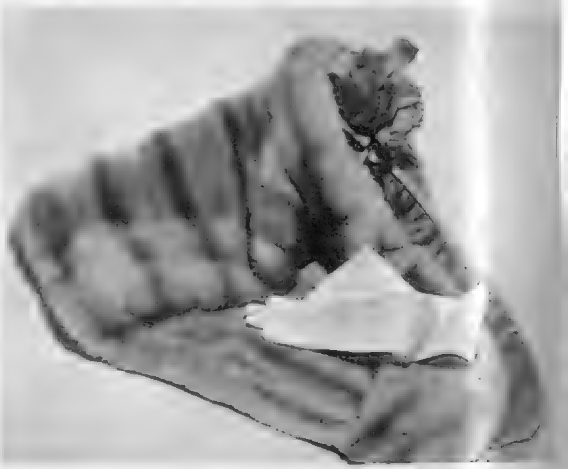
OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)



The Accessories make the Dress

SO very often in these days of economy we see a girl or woman in a delightful evening dress marred by its accessories. Maybe it is worn under a daytime fur coat; maybe the handbag is wrong, the jewellery insufficiently arresting, or the sandals have been severely treated at past dances. Evening accessories should be more striking, more glamorous, more cleverly matching than the ones for day. We cannot all have a mink wrap, but these days a brushed wool stole can be dramatic (and warm). Sandals can be dyed, or chosen to harmonise with several dresses, as can an evening handbag. For jewellery we may have precious stones, amusing "junk" or modern costume pieces that are gay and glittering. At night, perhaps even more than in the daytime, there is wider scope for ingenuity in choosing the bits and pieces, for mixing old and new, antique and modern, genuine and fake. Carefully chosen, interchangeable, and impeccably kept, a collection of evening accessories will add to the glamour of any evening or cocktail dress.

Black guipure lace and tortoiseshell handbag, 14½ guineas; suede and guipure lace cocktail shoes by Cavalli, 10 guineas, from Lotus. Gilt jewellery and black and gilt compact, all priced under £5, from Liberty.



Long white French suede gloves, £4 12s. 9d., posy of roses, 19s. 10d.; with a luxurious silver-blue mink cape-stole, all from Debenham's.

Left: Beautiful jewellery from Garrard, Regent Street, to wear with Christmas party dresses, or as a gift for Christmas. *Top to bottom:* Diamond and platinum pendant watch, £225; Kingfisher brooch, in diamonds, emeralds, rubies and other stones, £675; Gold spider scatter-pin, £43; Topaz and gold trio—Ring, £50, Ear-clips, £125, Bracelet, £165.

Sandals in sequined "pointello" and satin, with a high, slim heel, and an asymetric halter strap, 9½ guineas, by Rayne.

A charming dress in grey satin, with a high, curving bodice, tiny sleeves, hugging midriff and flowing, graceful skirt. This is a dress that can be dramatic for a ball, or memorable for a Christmas party at home. By Frank Usher, the price is about 24 guineas, from Harvey Nichols' Model Gown Department ; and Elliston and Cavell, Oxford.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

Two dresses for Christmas gaiety that are easy to wear and decidedly unextravagant. *Left :* Green brocade, with a small design in black, for this strapless dress with slim, sleek lines. By Malcolm Brown, 13 guineas, from Barker's, Kensington. *Right :* In yellow brocade, this strapless dress with a full, wide skirt, has a matching stole, lined with deep Kingfisher blue satin. By Alice Edwards, price 12 guineas, from Selfridge's.

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GRINDELWALD	10.48 am
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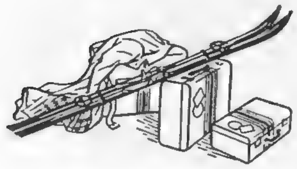

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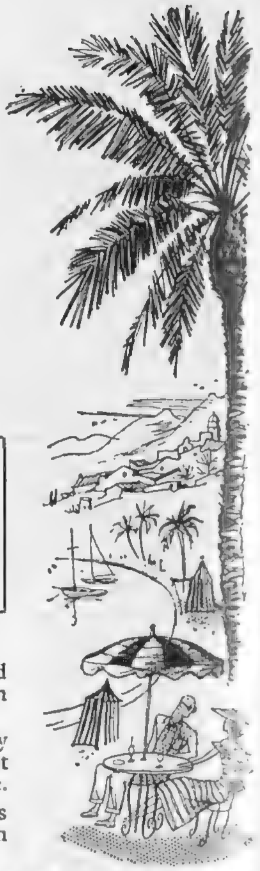

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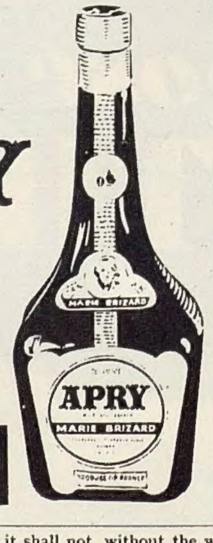

MARIE BRIZARD

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